

praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelineffe, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a' shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twenty lascinious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: He entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie.

Mis. Ford. Boording, call you it? Hee bee sure to keepe him aboute decke.

Mis. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, He neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his ieaousie.

Mis. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from ieaousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consule together against this greafe Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires: Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:

Or goe thou like Sir *Alceon* he, with Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:

Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night, Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away sir Corporall *Nim*:

Beleeue it (*Page*) he speaks sence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humor'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I speak, and I auouch: 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falstaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humor of bread and cheefe: adieu.

Page. The humor of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaffe*.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Mis. Page. Whether goe you (*George*)? harke you.

Mis. Ford. How now (*Sweet-Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:

Get you home: goe.

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,

Now: will you goe, *Mistress Page*?

Mis. Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our Messenger to this paltre Knight.

Mis. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: shee'll fit it.

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good *Mistresse Anne*?

Mis. Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an hours

talke with you.

Page. How now *Master Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight

would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent

towards our wiues, are a yoke of his discarded men: very

rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,

Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voy-

age toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him;

and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it

lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee

loath to turne them together: a man may be too confi-

dent: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot

be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter

comes: there is cyther liquor in his pate, or money in his

purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine

Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman

Caualeiro Iustice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-even,

and twenty (good *Master Page*.) *Master Page*, wil you go

with vs? we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him *Caualeiro-Iustice*: tell him Bully-

Rooke.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betwene Sir

Hugh the Welch Priest, and *Cajim* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Host o' th' Garter: a word with you.

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parson is no Ietter: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-Caualeire?

Shal. None, I protest: but He giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broom*: onely for a iest.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egressie and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Host.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut fir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (*Master Page*) 'tis heere,

'tis heere: I haue scene the time, with my long-sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like

Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house:

and what they made there, I know not, Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be other-

wife, 'tis labour well bestowed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Falstaffe*, *Pistoll*, *Robin*, *Quickly*, *Bardolffe*, *Ford*.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny:

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreuees for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when *Mistresse Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftene pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkst thou He endanger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Picket-batch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baseness) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on

the left hand, and hiding faine to shuffle: to he Rogue, will en-sconce taine-lookes, your red beating-oathes, vnder will not doe it? you?

Pist. I doe relent: w

Robin. Sir, here's a w

Fal. Let her approa

Qui. Giue your worl

Fal. Good-morrow

Qui. Not so, and't p

Fal. Good maid the

Qui. He be sworne,

As my mother was the

Fal. I doe beleeue th

Qui. Shall I vouch

two?

Fal. Two thousand

thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one M

little neerer this waies:

Caus:

Fal. Well, on; Mistr

Qui. Your worship f

ship come a little neerer

Fal. I warrant thee,

people, mine owne peop

Qui. Are they so? I

them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Mistr

Qui. Why, Sir; shee

your Worship's a wan

and all of vs, I pray

Fal. Mistr

Qui. Marry this is th

haue brought her into f

full: the best Courtier o

at *Windsor*) could neuer

narie: yet there has bee

elemen, with their Coa

Coach, letter after letter

ly; all Muske, and so

and golde, and in such a

and senger of the best,

wonne any womans hea

neuer get an eye-wink

Angels giuen me this m

any such sort, as they say

I warrant you, they cou

on a cup with the prow

beene Earles: nay, (wh

warrant you all is one w

Fal. But what saies

shee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, shee hat

which shee thanks you

you to notifie, that her

house, betwene ten and

Fal. Ten, and eleue

Qui. I, forsooth: and

picture (shee sayes) that

band will be from hon

an ill life with him: hee

a very frampold life wit

Fal. Ten, and eleue